



BEST of the WEST



NO. 1 10c

THE ORIGINAL INDIAN HERO OF RADIO

STRAIGHT ARROW



FOUR STARS
IN
ONE BOOK!

THE MOVIES' MOST COLORFUL WESTERN STAR—
CHARLES STARRETT
The
**DURANGO
KID**



BOBBY BENSON'S
**B-Bar-B
RIDER**



the
GHOST RIDER



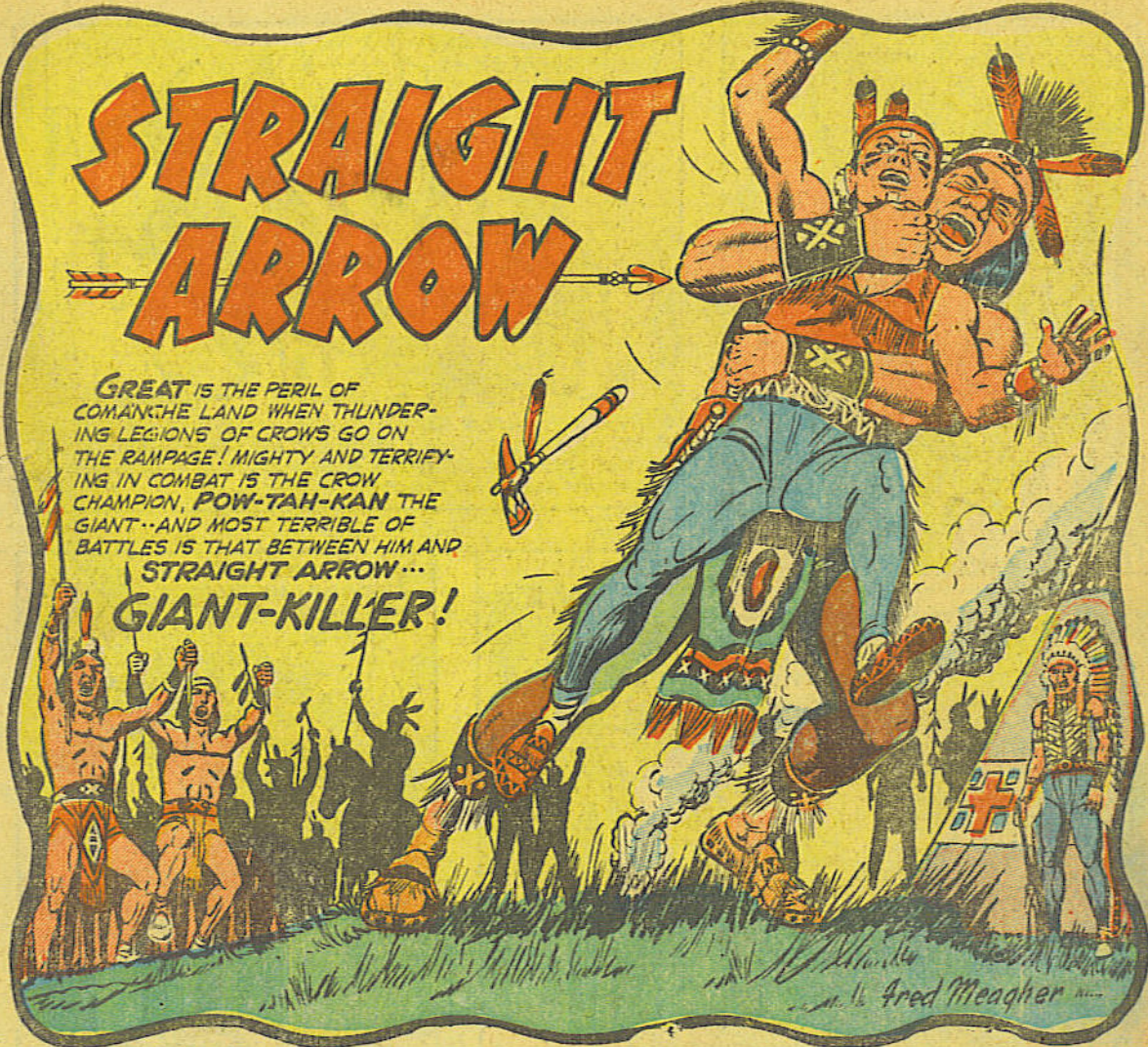


WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

STRAIGHT ARROW

GREAT IS THE PERIL OF
COMANCHE LAND WHEN THUNDER-
ING LEGIONS OF CROWS GO ON
THE RAMPAGE! MIGHTY AND TERRIFY-
ING IN COMBAT IS THE CROW
CHAMPION, POW-TAH-KAN THE
GIANT...AND MOST TERRIBLE OF
BATTLES IS THAT BETWEEN HIM AND
STRAIGHT ARROW...

GIANT-KILLER!

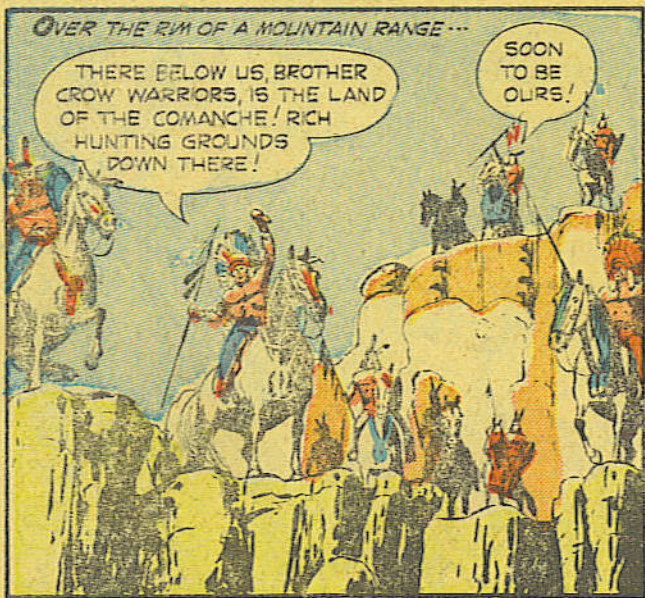


OVER THE RIM OF A MOUNTAIN RANGE...

THERE BELOW US, BROTHER
CROW WARRIORS, IS THE LAND
OF THE COMANCHE! RICH
HUNTING GROUNDS
DOWN THERE!

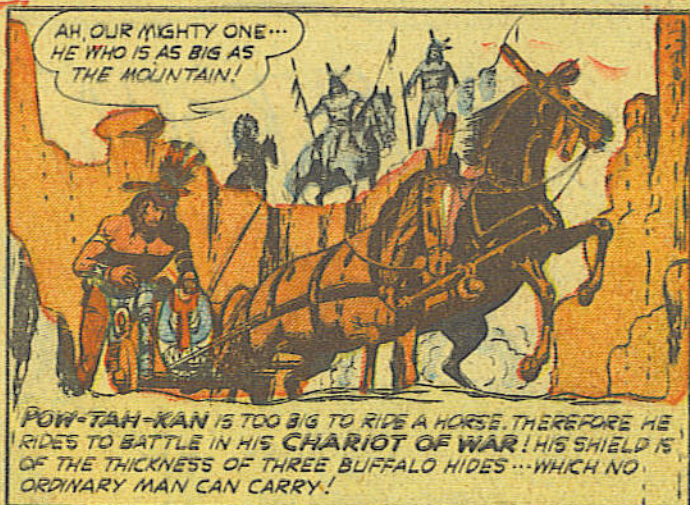
SOON
TO BE
OURS!

YES, THE WHITE MAN HAS PUSHED
US OFF OUR ANCIENT LANDS...AND
WE MUST HAVE NEW HUNTING
GROUNDS! WE WILL TAKE
NEW LANDS BY FORCE...
FROM THE COMANCHE!



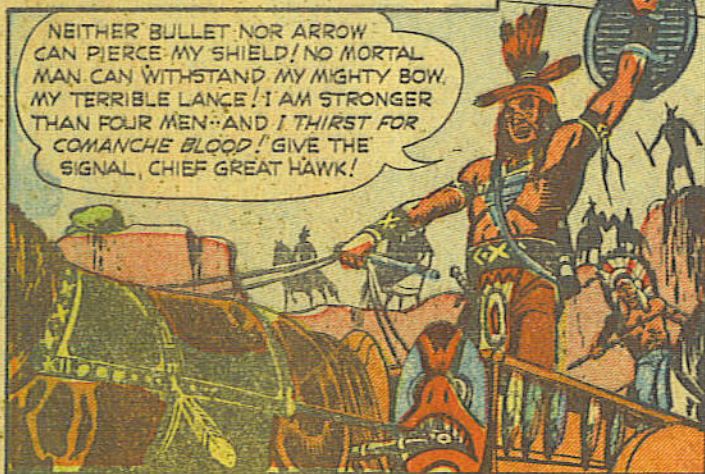


GREAT IS OUR
FIGHTING POWER--
AND MIGHTIEST AMONG
US IS OUR WARRIOR
GIANT- POW-TAH-
KAN!



AH, OUR MIGHTY ONE...
HE WHO IS AS BIG AS
THE MOUNTAIN!

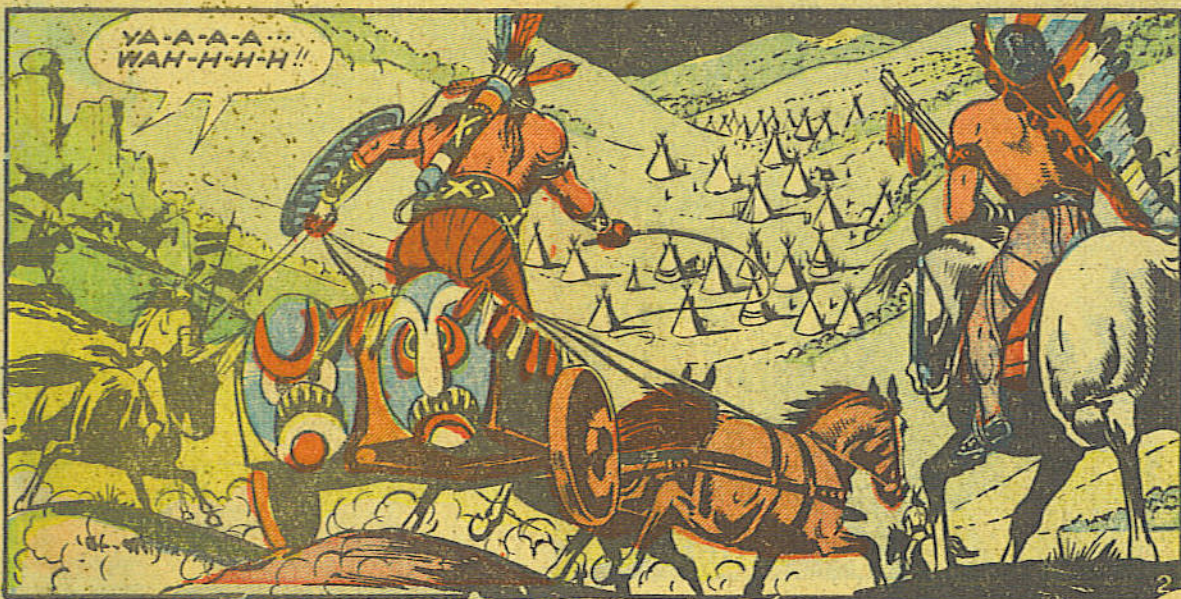
POW-TAH-KAN IS TOO BIG TO RIDE A HORSE. THEREFORE HE
RIDES TO BATTLE IN HIS CHARIOT OF WAR! HIS SHIELD IS
OF THE THICKNESS OF THREE BUFFALO HIDES...WHICH NO
ORDINARY MAN CAN CARRY!



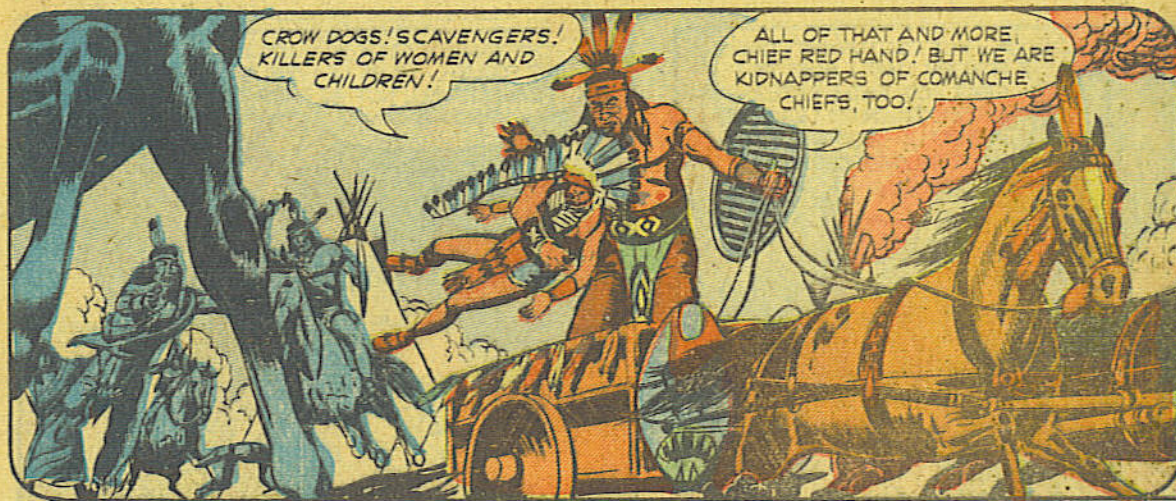
NEITHER BULLET NOR ARROW
CAN PIERCE MY SHIELD! NO MORTAL
MAN CAN WITHSTAND MY MIGHTY BOW.
MY TERRIBLE LANCE! I AM STRONGER
THAN FOUR MEN--AND I THIRST FOR
COMANCHE BLOOD! GIVE THE
SIGNAL, CHIEF GREAT HAWK!

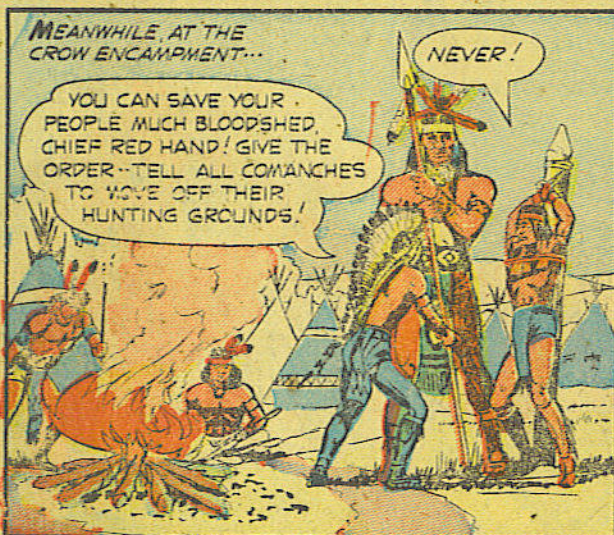
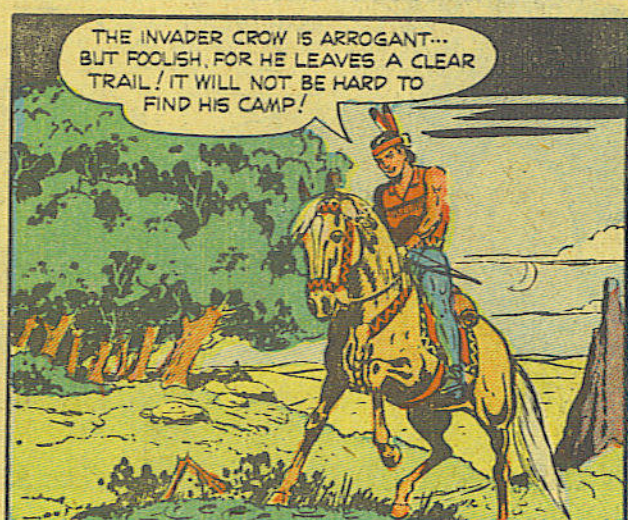
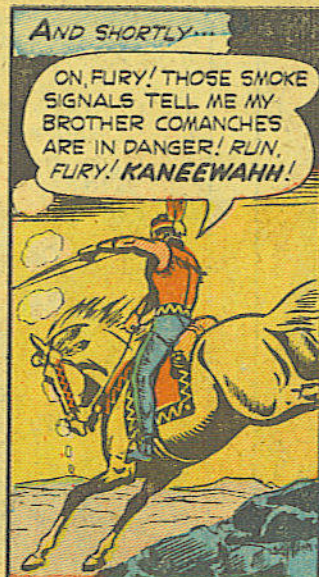


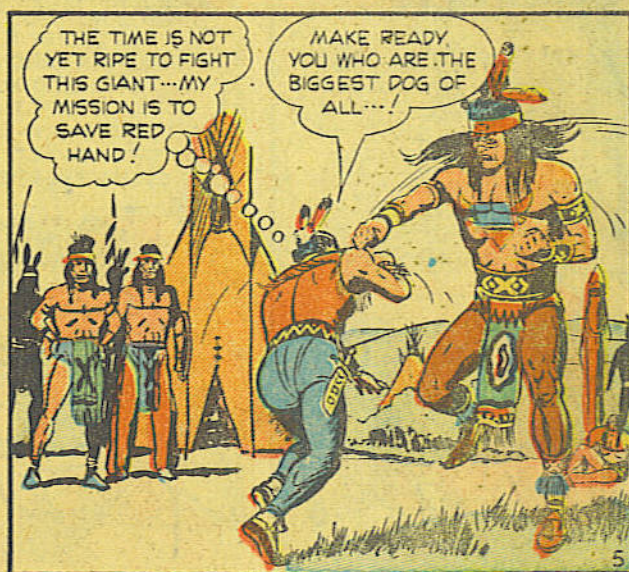
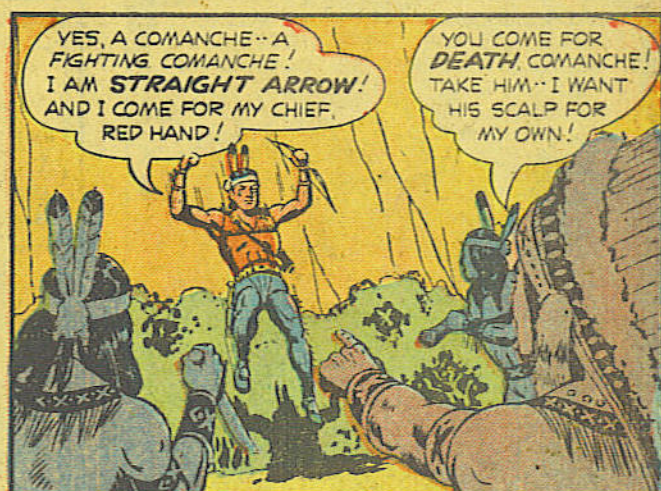
SO BE IT!--ATTACK!
DOWN WITH THE
COMANCHE!!

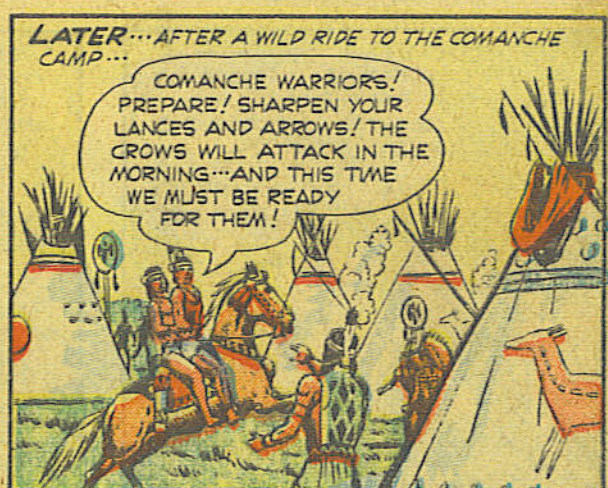
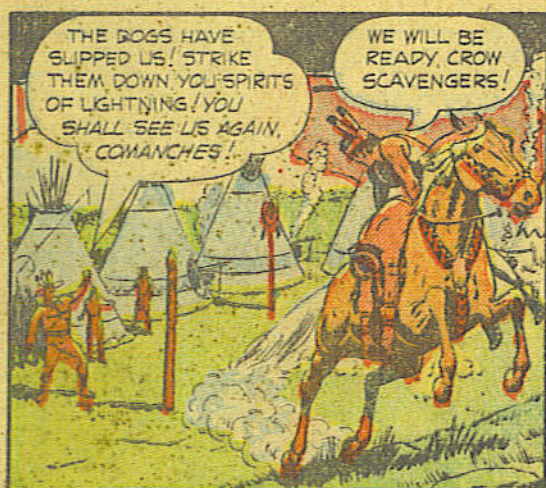
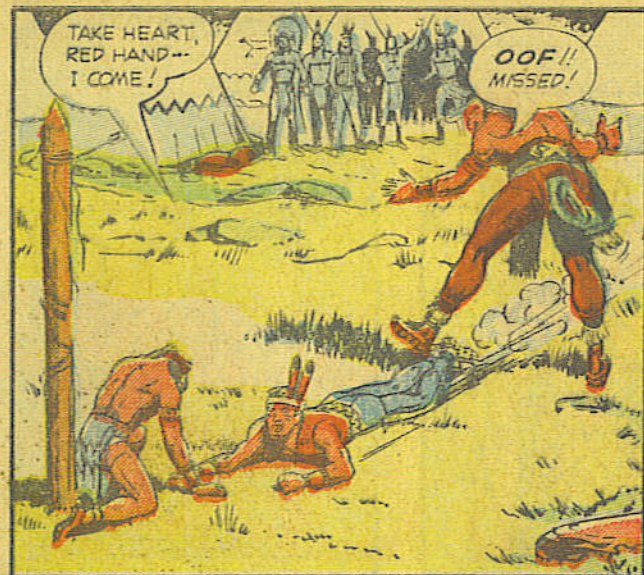


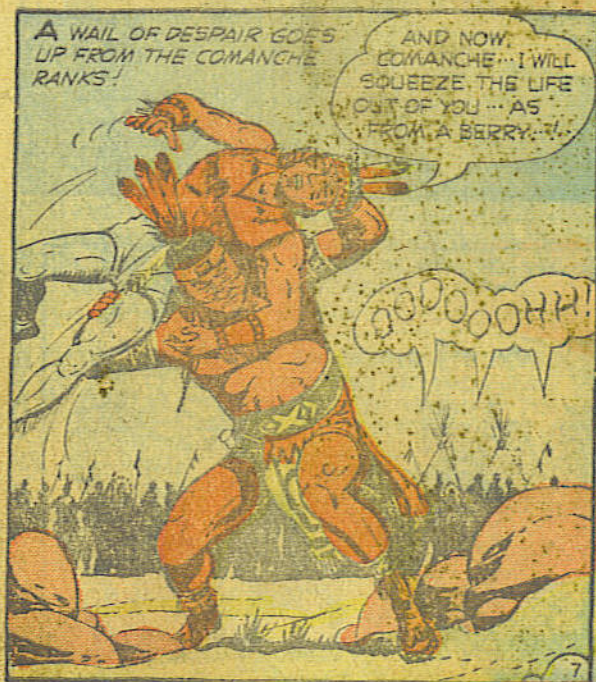
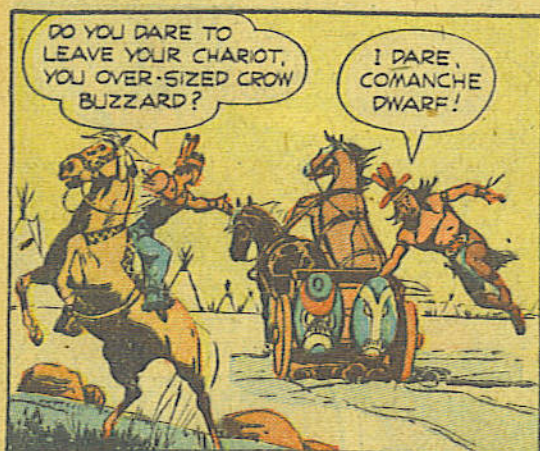
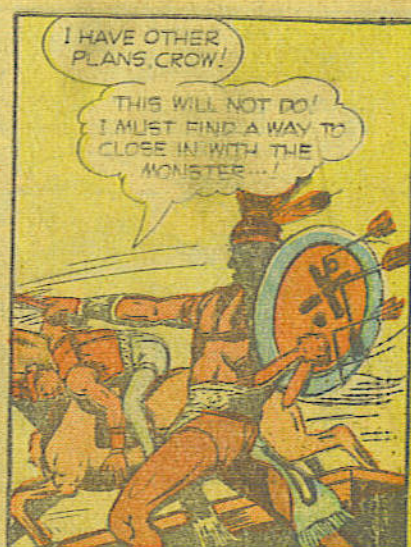
YA-A-A-A...
WAH-H-H-H!!

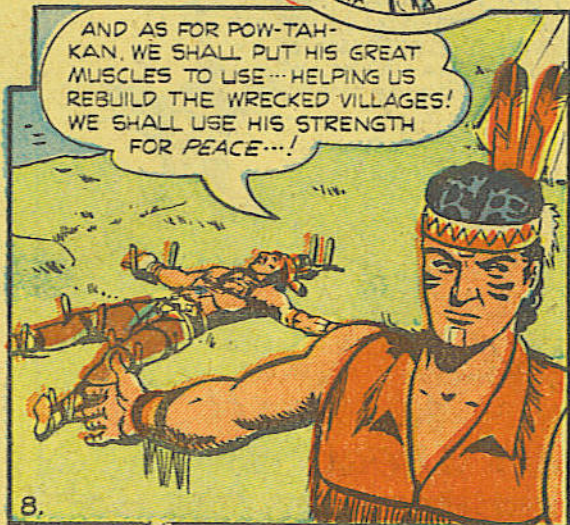
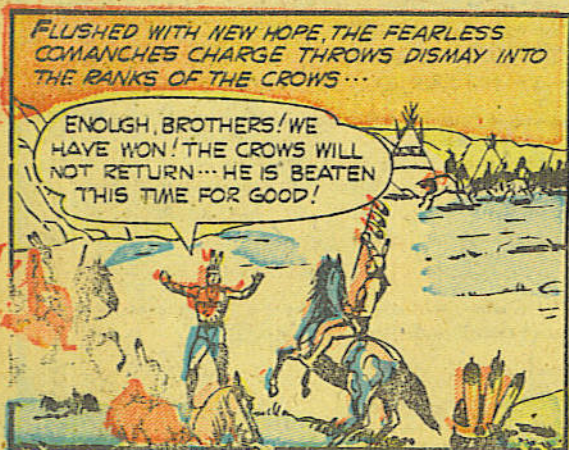
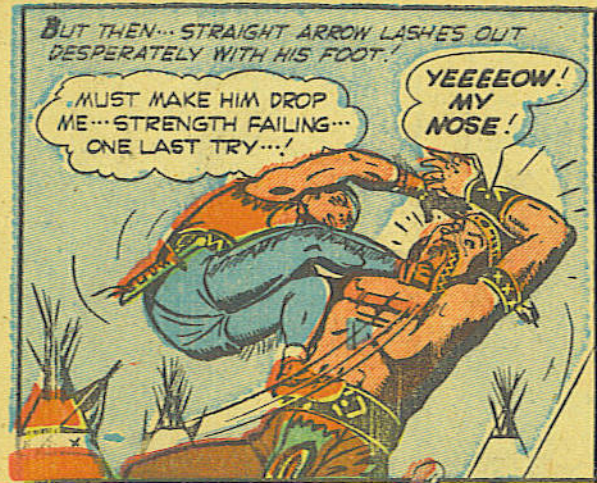












The DURANGO KID

DEATH AHEAD AND
DEATH BEHIND—DANGER AND
TERROR ALL AROUND! THAT'S THE GRIM
PICTURE THAT FACES **THE DURANGO
KID** WHEN HE TRACKS MURDER INTO
THE WIDE BUFFALO PLAINS. AND YOU
CAN'T SEE BULLETS FOR GUNSMOKE
WHEN DURANGO TANGLES WITH

"DEATH ON THE
Buffalo Trail!"



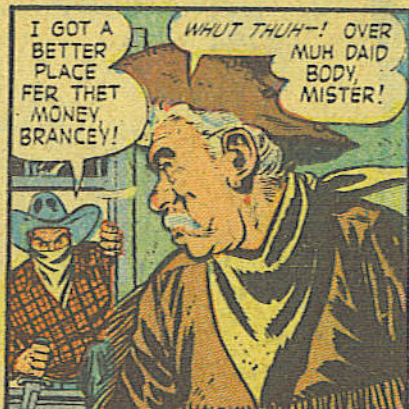
IN A HOTEL IN RED HOOK...

MUH LAST BUFFALO-HUNTIN'
TRIP SHORE PAID OFF! SOLD
ALL MUH HIDES FER TWO
THOUSAND SMACKEROOS!
AN' **THIS**
TIME I'M
PUTTIN' IT
ALL IN
THUH
BANK....!



I GOT A
BETTER
PLACE
FER THET
MONEY,
BRANCEY!

WHUT THUH--! OVER
MUH DAID
BODY,
MISTER!



THET
SUITS
ME
FINE!



A SHORT TIME LATER...

SURE CAN'T WAIT TO SET EYES ON OUR OL' PAL, BRANCEY.

SHUCKS, STEVE, WHY CAN'T *WE* HIT THUH BUFFALO TRAIL, TOO? THAR'S EXCITEMENT AN' HEAPS OF MONEY IN COLLECTIN' BUFFALO HIDES. BEEN HANKERIN' TO DO THET FER A LONG TIME...

WHUT D'YUH SAY WE TALK TUH BRANCEY ABOUT IT? LET'S BARGE RIGHT IN AN'—**HOLY SCREAMIN' COYOTES!**

BRANCEY!!

DAID! SOME SNEAKIN' SNAKE DONE BUSHED BRANCEY!

THERE MUST HAVE BEEN A FIGHT—THERE'S THIS TORN PIECE OF SHIRT IN BRANCEY'S HAND. MULEY—GO GET THE SHERIFF, QUICKLY!

LATER...

THIS AIN'T THUH FIRST, STEVE—AN' IT AIN'T THUH LAST! BUFFALO HUNTERS HAVE BEEN ROBBED AN' KILLED HYAR IN TOWN AN' ON THUH TRAIL, TOO. THAR'S AN ORGANIZED GANG BEHIND THIS—OWLHOOTIN' THUH BUFFALO-HIDE MARKET!

I'D HANG 'EM ALL IF I COULD JEST GIT MUH PAWS ON 'EM! BUT THEY SHORE GOT ME FLAM-BOZZLED—NO CLUES, NO NUTHIN'!

NO CLUES—EXCEPT THIS PIECE OF TORN SHIRT—AND THAT ISN'T MUCH...

MULEY, IF THOSE OWLHOOTS ARE TRAILIN' BUFFALO HUNTERS—THERE'S ONLY ONE THING FOR *US* TO DO: START PACKING, PARTNER—*WE'RE HITTING THE BUFFALO TRAIL!*

AND SO—BY DUSK...

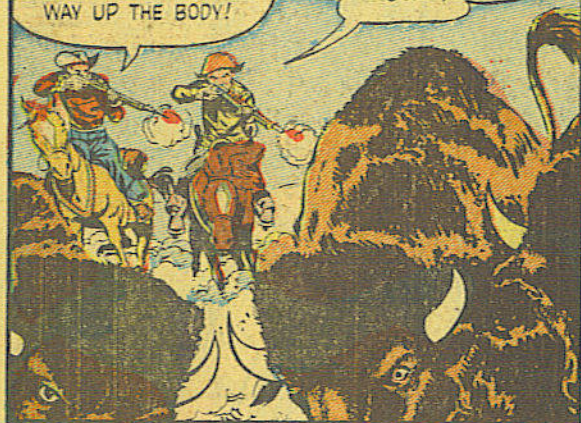
WE OUGHTA HIT THUH TRAIL BY MORNIN'—AN' GIT THEM BUFFALO CRITTERS MIGRATIN' SOUTH. THEN'S WHEN THEIR HIDES IS BEST.

AND, WE'VE GOT RAIDER ALONG—JUST IN CASE *THE DURANGO KID* IS NEEDED...

NEXT DAY...

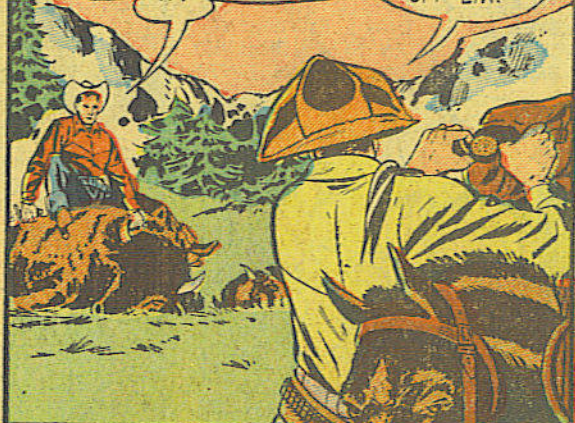
AIM RIGHT BEHIND
THE FORELEG, MULEY—
ABOUT A THIRD OF THE
WAY UP THE BODY!

YAHOO! WHEN THEY GIT
IT FROM THIS
SHARP .50 CALIBRE RIFLE—
THEY **STAY** HIT, BY
DIGGETY!



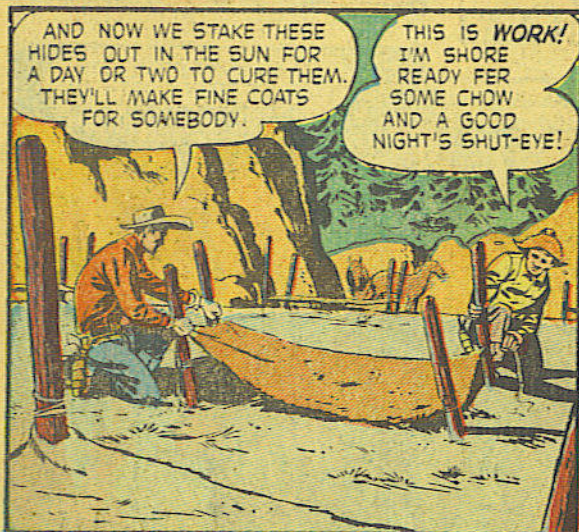
NOT A BAD HAUL FOR ONE DAY.
I'LL SKIN THEM, MULEY. YOU GET
THE POISON OUT OF THE BAG
AND DUST THE HIDE WITH
IT!

RIGHT!
P'IZEN KEEPS
THUH ANTS
AN' INSECTS
OFF 'EM.



AND NOW WE STAKE THESE
HIDES OUT IN THE SUN FOR
A DAY OR TWO TO CURE THEM.
THEY'LL MAKE FINE COATS
FOR SOMEBODY.

THIS IS **WORK!**
I'M SHORE
READY FER
SOME CHOW
AND A GOOD
NIGHT'S SHUT-EYE!



FRIED BUFFALO-STEAK—MMMM—
MMMMM! GLORY BE— THIS IS
THUH LIFE!



HOWDY, STRANGERS! JEST
THREE COWPOKES, RIDIN' THUH
GRUBLINE SOUTH. SAW YORE
FIRE AN' THOUGHT WE'D
DROP BY. MIND IF WE
SET AWHILE?

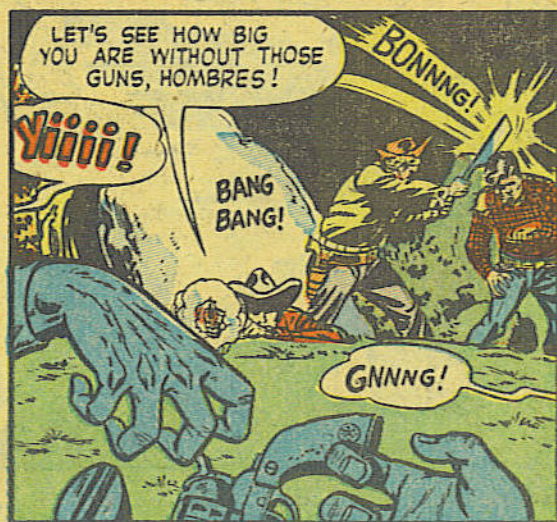
LIGHT, STRANGERS!
YUH'RE RIGHT WEL-
COME TUH COZY UP
TUH OUR FIRE AN'
SHARE OUR CHOW!
THAR'S PLENTY FER
ALL!



YUH HEARD WHUT THE MAN SAID
BOYS— LET'S LIGHT AN' SET FER
A WHILE—JEST A SHORT WHILE...

THAT
SHIRT...!





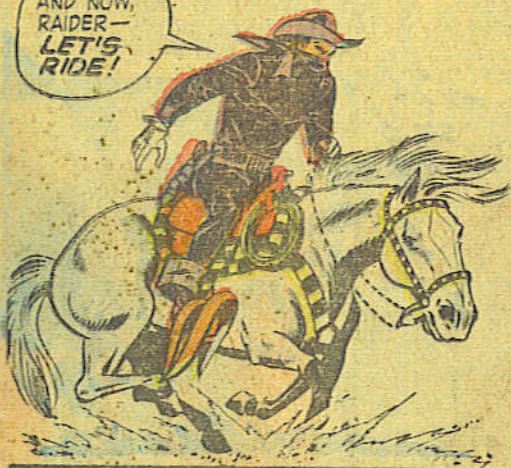
NEXT MORNING...

TAKE THEM INTO TOWN AND
TURN THEM OVER TO THE
SHERIFF, I HAVE OTHER
THINGS TO DO!

I GIT IT,
STEVIE. BE
KEERFUL,
DURANG—ER—
I MEAN
STEVIE!



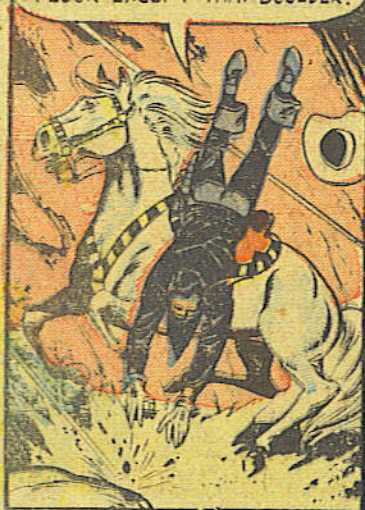
AND NOW,
RAIDER—
LET'S
RIDE!



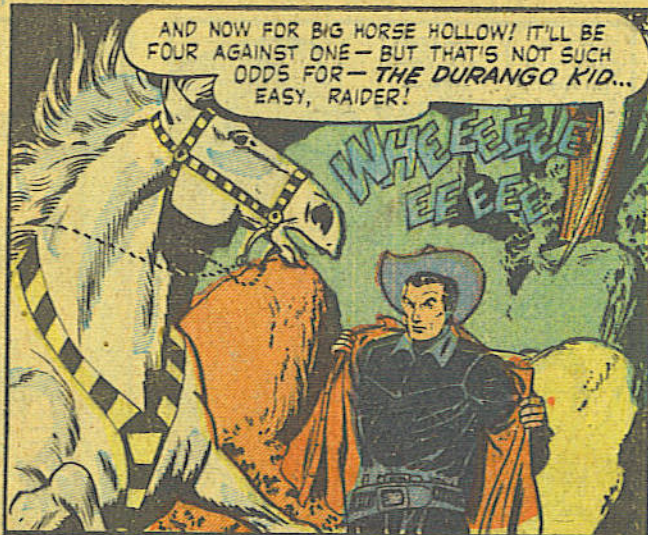
THAT SHADOW! THERE'S
A RIFLEMAN ON THAT
ROGE—THUNDER! I
SHOULD HAVE EXPECTED
THAT!



WHEW! CLOSE! AND THERE'S
NO COVER ON THIS FLAT CANYON
FLOOR EXCEPT THAT BOULDER!

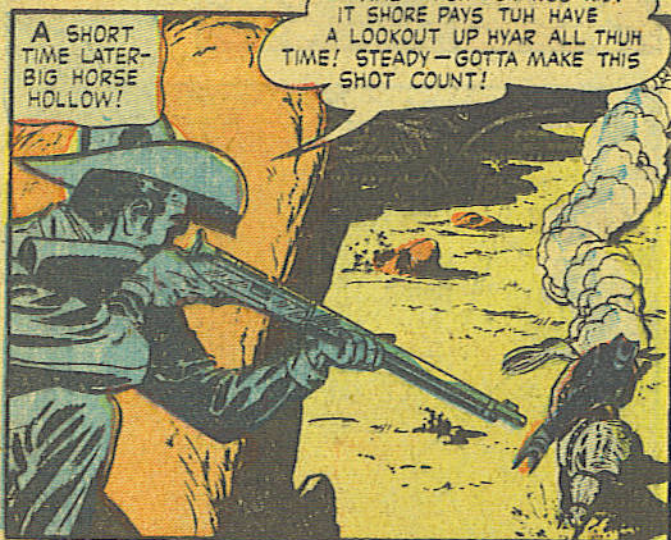


AND NOW FOR BIG HORSE HOLLOW! IT'LL BE
FOUR AGAINST ONE—BUT THAT'S NOT SUCH
ODDS FOR—THE DURANGO KID...
EASY, RAIDER!

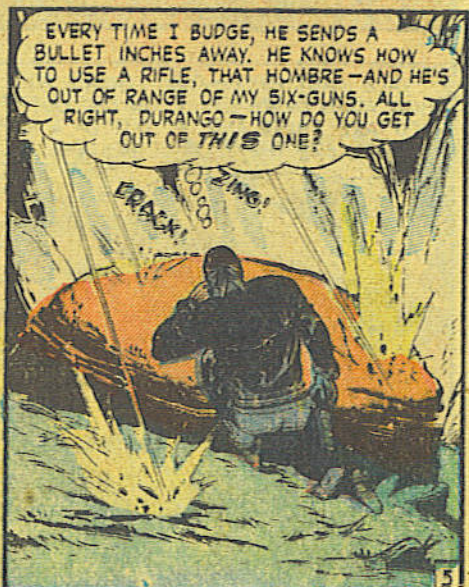


A SHORT
TIME LATER—
BIG HORSE
HOLLOW!

WAL—THUH DURANGO KID!
IT SHORE PAYS TUH HAVE
A LOOKOUT UP HYAR ALL THUH
TIME! STEADY—GOTTA MAKE THIS
SHOT COUNT!



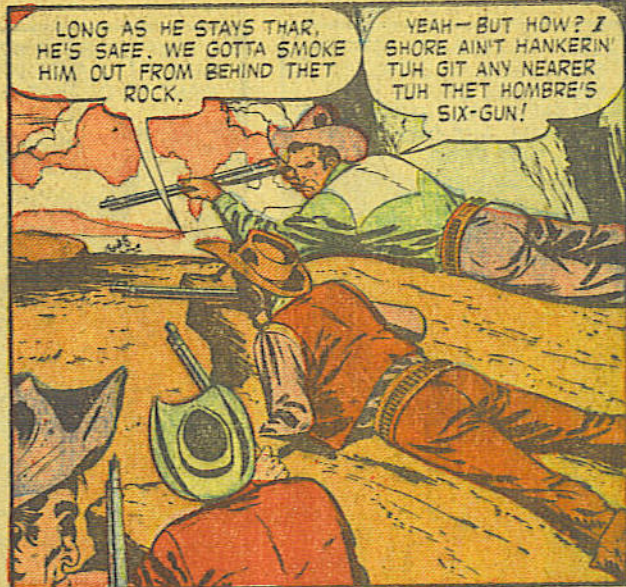
EVERY TIME I BUDGE, HE SENDS A
BULLET INCHES AWAY. HE KNOWS HOW
TO USE A RIFLE, THAT HOMBRE—AND HE'S
OUT OF RANGE OF MY SIX-GUNS. ALL
RIGHT, DURANGO—HOW DO YOU GET
OUT OF THIS ONE?





HEY, WHUT'S GOIN' ON?

GOT THUH DURANGO KID PINNED BEHIND THE BOULDER AN' HE DASSN'T MOVE—OR I SHAVE HIM DOWN WITH A RIFLE BULLET!



LONG AS HE STAYS THAR, HE'S SAFE. WE GOTTA SMOKE HIM OUT FROM BEHIND THE ROCK.

YEAH—BUT HOW? I SHORE AIN'T HANKERIN' TUH GIT ANY NEARER TUH THET HOMBRE'S SIX-GUN!



I KNOW HOW! THAR'S A HERD O' BUFFALO GRAZIN' JEST AROUND THUH BEND. I'LL GO DOWN THAR AN **STAMPEDE** 'EM DOWN THE VALLEY. **THEY'LL** GIT 'IM OUT FROM BEHIND THEY ROCK!

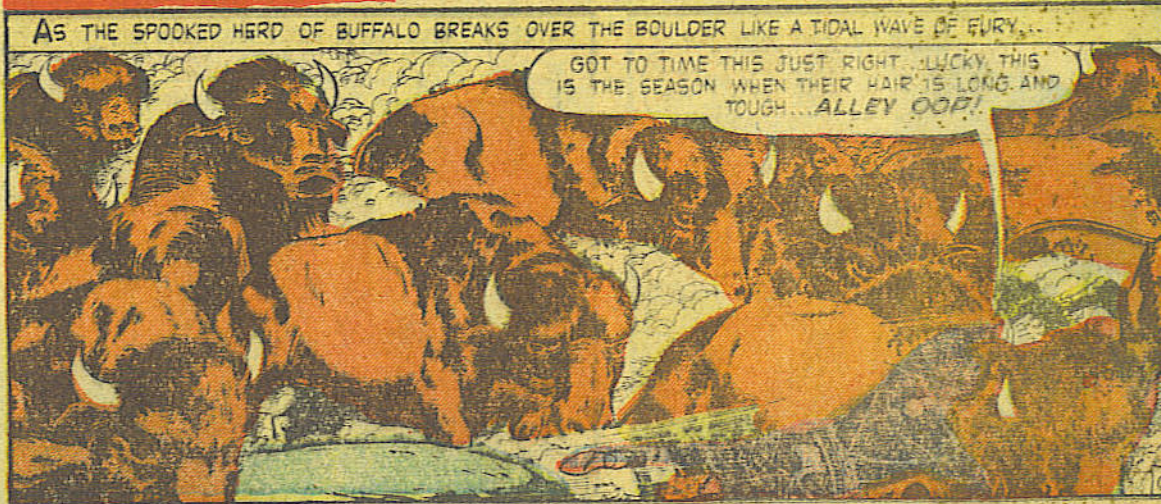


A FEW MINUTES LATER...

STAMPEDING BUFFALO! GREAT GUNS—I AM IN A SPOT NOW! IF I RUN FOR IT—THEY'LL SHOOT ME DOWN FOR SURE....!



...AND IF I STAY HERE, I'LL GET TRAMPLED! EITHER WAY IT'S **CERTAIN DEATH!** WAIT A MINUTE—THIS MIGHT PROVE TO BE A BLESSING—IF ONLY I'M FAST ENOUGH... **HERE GOES...!**



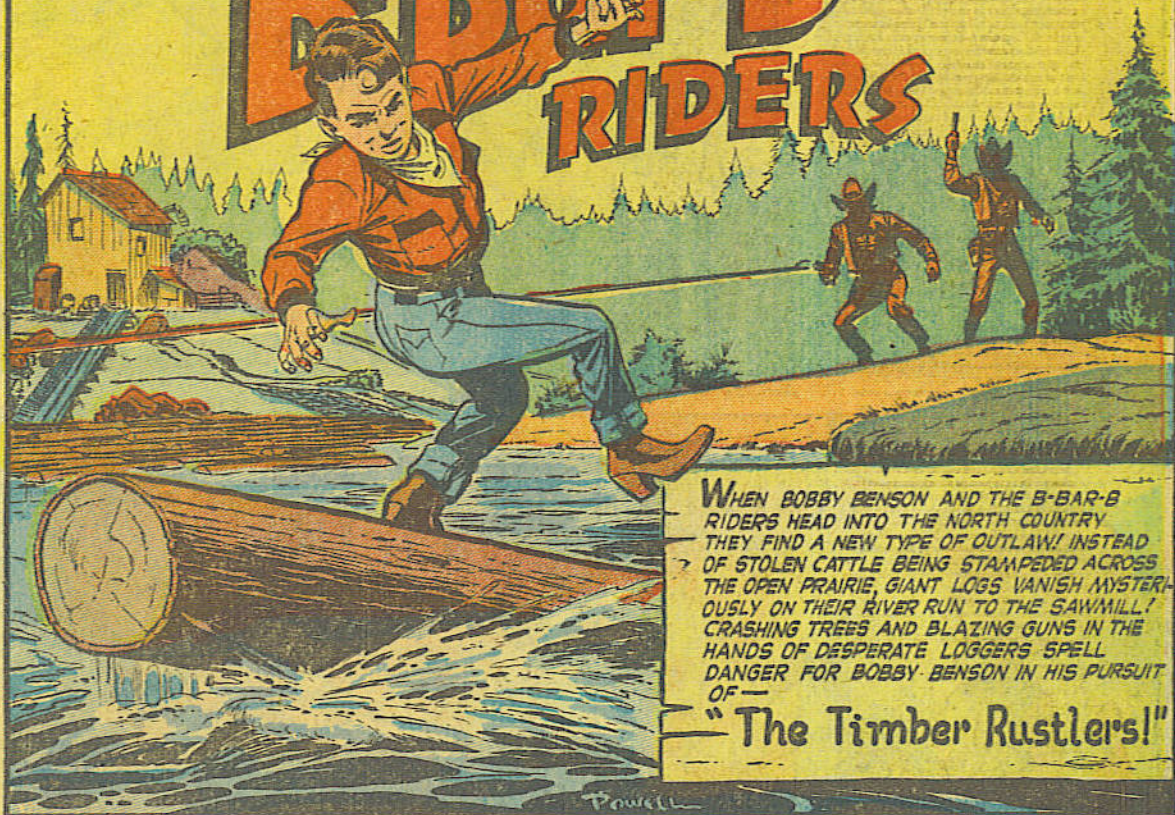
AS THE SPOOKED HERD OF BUFFALO BREAKS OVER THE BOULDER LIKE A TIDAL WAVE OF FURY...

GOT TO TIME THIS JUST RIGHT... LUCKY, THIS IS THE SEASON WHEN THEIR HAIR IS LONG AND TOUGH... **ALLEY OOP!**



BOBBY BENSON'S

B-BAR-B RIDERS



WHEN BOBBY BENSON AND THE B-BAR-B RIDERS HEAD INTO THE NORTH COUNTRY THEY FIND A NEW TYPE OF OUTLAW! INSTEAD OF STOLEN CATTLE BEING STAMPEDED ACROSS THE OPEN PRAIRIE, GIANT LOGS VANISH MYSTERIOUSLY ON THEIR RIVER RUN TO THE SAWMILL! CRASHING TREES AND BLAZING GUNS IN THE HANDS OF DESPERATE LOGGERS SPELL DANGER FOR BOBBY BENSON IN HIS PURSUIT OF—

"The Timber Rustlers!"

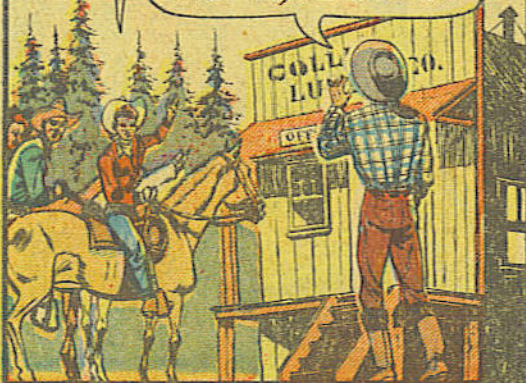
Powell

AS BOBBY, TEX AND WINDY RIDE INTO THE COLLINS TIMBER RANCH...

HELLO, MR. COLLINS. THE B-BAR-B IS READY TO GIVE YOU A LARGE LOG ORDER. WE'RE PLANNING SOME NEW CONSTRUCTION.

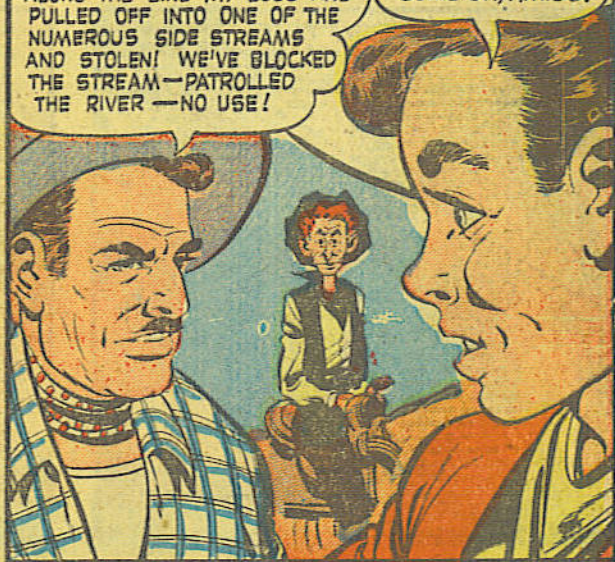
I'M AFRAID EVEN A LARGE ORDER WON'T TAKE ME OUT OF THE RED! TWENTY PER CENT

OF MY LOGS ARE **RUSTLED** BETWEEN THE LOGGING AREA AND THE SAWMILL!



IT'S SIX MILES FROM HERE TO THE MILL AND SOMEWHERE ALONG THE LINE MY LOGS ARE PULLED OFF INTO ONE OF THE NUMEROUS SIDE STREAMS AND STOLEN! WE'VE BLOCKED THE STREAM—PATROLLED THE RIVER—NO USE!

I THINK I'LL RIDE DOWN RIVER... COME ON, AMIGO!



YOU MUST BE KATHY COLLINS. I'M BOBBY BENSON. I WAS JUST RIDING DOWN RIVER TO GET A LOOK AT THE TIMBER-RUSTLING AREA.

TAKE THE LEFT TRAIL, BOBBY. THOUGH YOU WON'T FIND ANYTHING. WE'VE SEARCHED, BUT THE RUSTLERS HAVE COVERED

UP THEIR TRAIL EVERY TIME!

HEY! REIN UP!

I WAS JUST TAKING THE RIVER TRAIL. MR. COLLINS SAID IT WAS ALL RIGHT.

YOU'RE THE BENSON KID. HEARD YUH MIGHT COME MEDDLIN'. LONG AS I'M FOREMAN, I RUN THE CUTTIN' AREA. SO—KEEP OUT! YUH MIGHT GIT HURT!

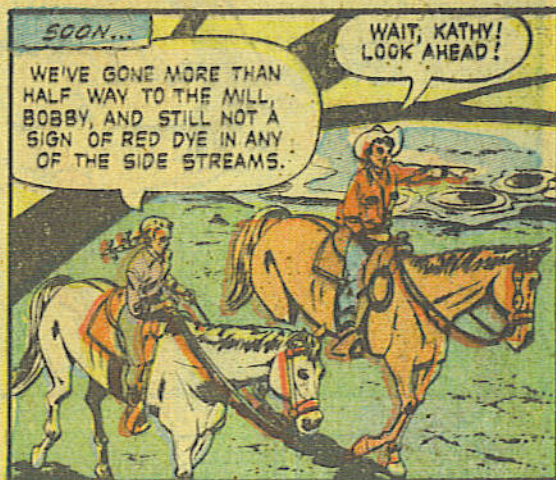
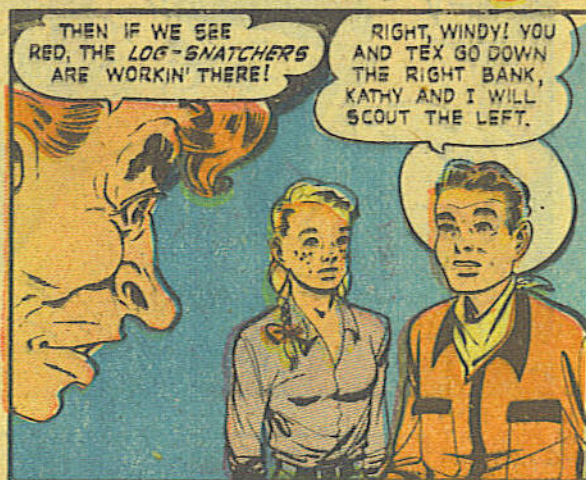
DON'T SAY JUD JENSON DIDN'T WARN YUH!

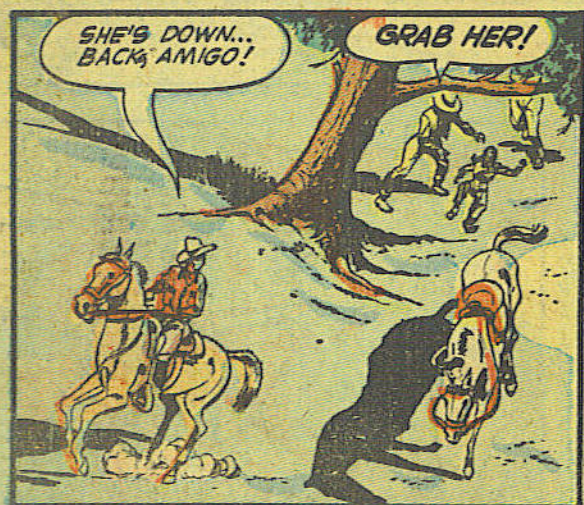
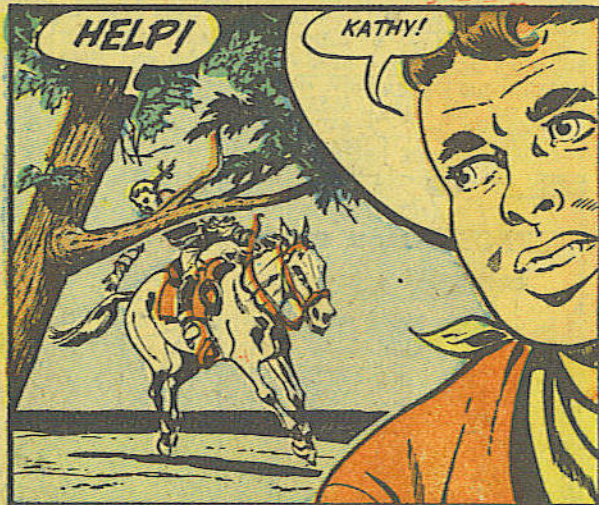
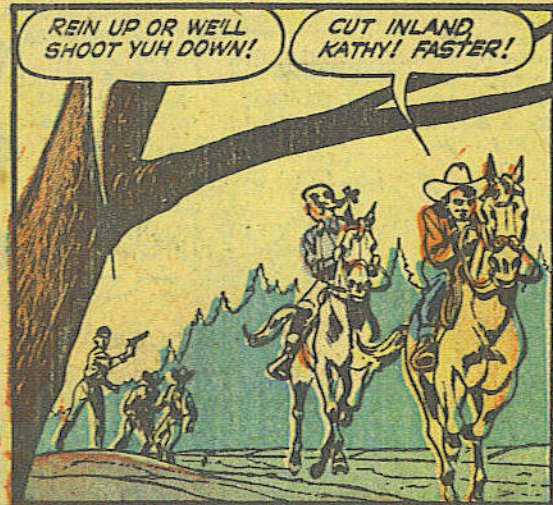
NEEEEEAAH!

WHAT'S WRONG, AMIGO? COME ON, BOY! LET'S RIDE ON!

A FALLING TREE! BACK!

I TOLD YUH THIS WAS NO PLACE FOR AN OUTSIDER! NOW SCRAM BEFORE WE'RE COMMISSIONED TO CHOP DOWN LOGS FOR YOUR COFFIN...!



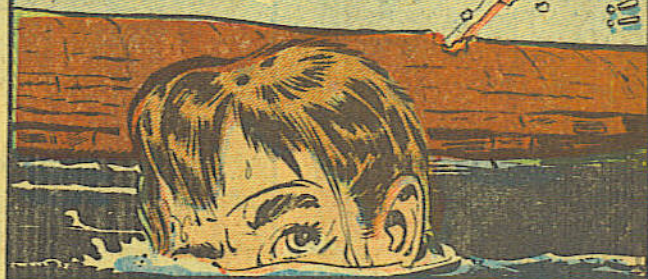


THERE HE GOES!
IF HE COMES UP—I'LL SEND
HIM DOWN FER KEEPS!



SECONDS LATER...

THEY'RE STILL
FIRING! I'LL KEEP LOW AND FLOAT
DOWNSTREAM WITH THESE LOGS. IF
THEY DON'T SEE ME COME UP, THEY
MAY THINK I'VE DROWNED!

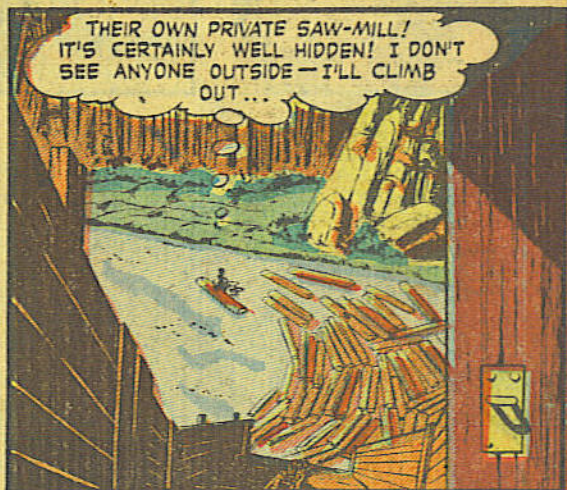


SOON...

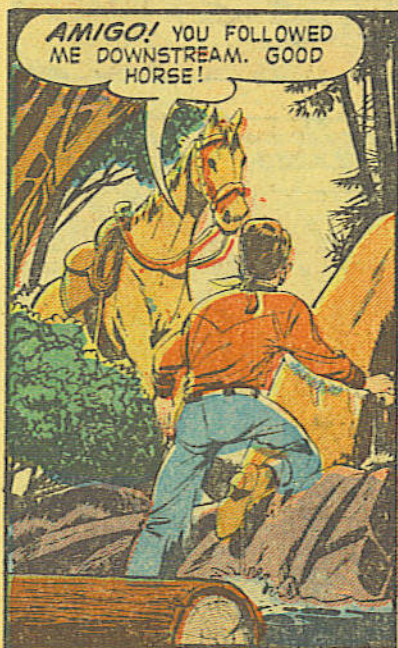
THEY MUST HAVE
LEFT ME FOR DEAD—I
HAVEN'T HEARD ANY MORE SHOOTING
UPSTREAM. BUT WHAT'S THAT
BUZZING SOUND...?



THEIR OWN PRIVATE SAW-MILL!
IT'S CERTAINLY WELL HIDDEN! I DON'T
SEE ANYONE OUTSIDE—I'LL CLIMB
OUT...



AMIGO! YOU FOLLOWED
ME DOWNSTREAM. GOOD
HORSE!

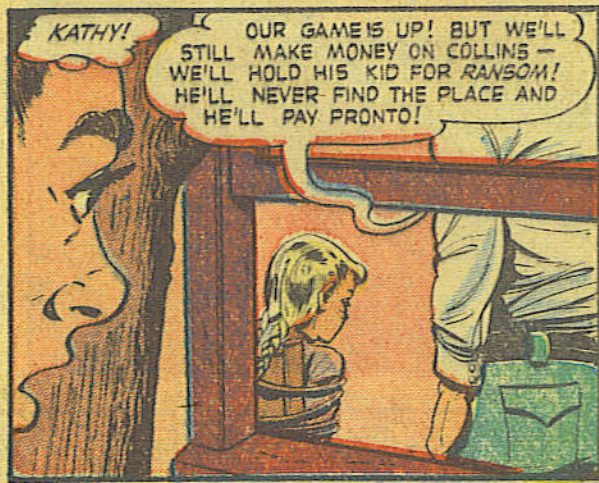


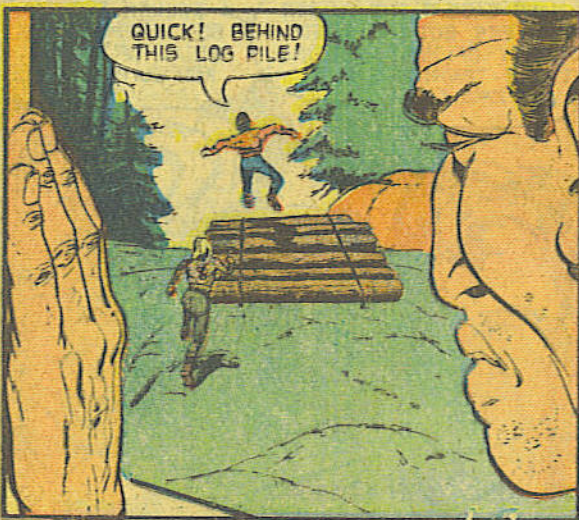
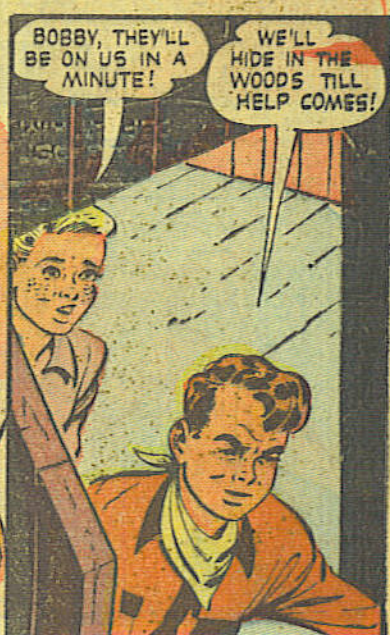
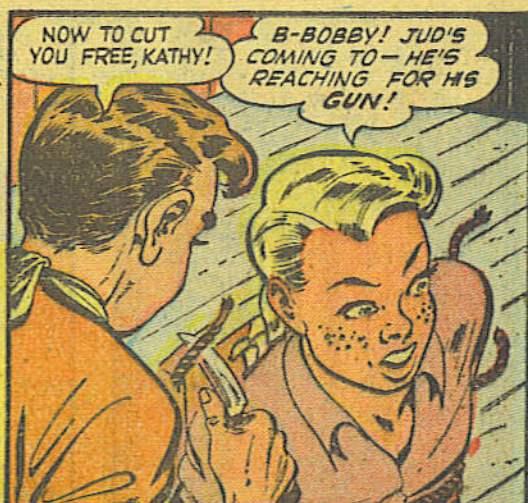
GO UP RIVER AND
CROSS THE BRIDGE. FIND
WINDY AND TEX! GO,
BOY!



JUD'S GOT A NICE SET-UP.
HE KNOWS WHEN MR. COLLINS
IS PATROLLING THE RIVER—
AND WHEN HE ISN'T, JUD
RUSTLES THE LUMBER DOWN
HERE! THE SAW'S WORKING—
SOMEONE MUST BE IN THE
MILL. WONDER IF KATHY'S
THERE?



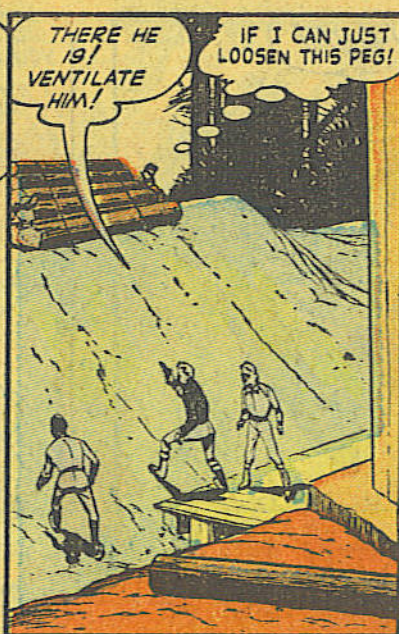






B-BOBBOY, THEY'RE COMING STRAIGHT FOR US!

TAKE THIS... AND WAVE IT AT THE OTHER END OF THE PILE. I'LL TRY TO LOOSEN THE PEG THAT HOLDS THE LOGS AT THIS END WHILE YOU DISTRACT THEM!

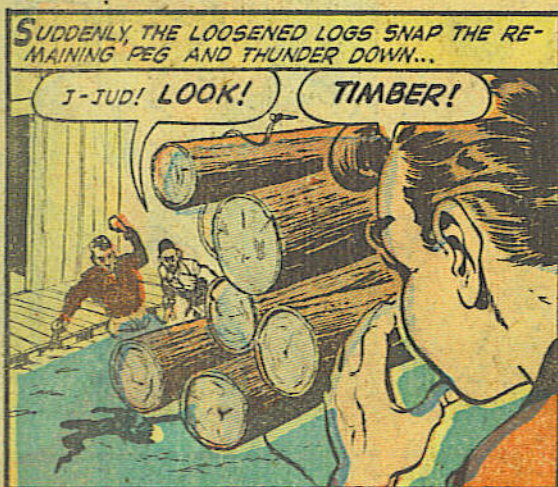


THERE HE IS! VENTILATE HIM!

IF I CAN JUST LOOSEN THIS PEG!



THERE!



SUDDENLY, THE LOOSENED LOGS SNAP THE REMAINING PEG AND THUNDER DOWN...

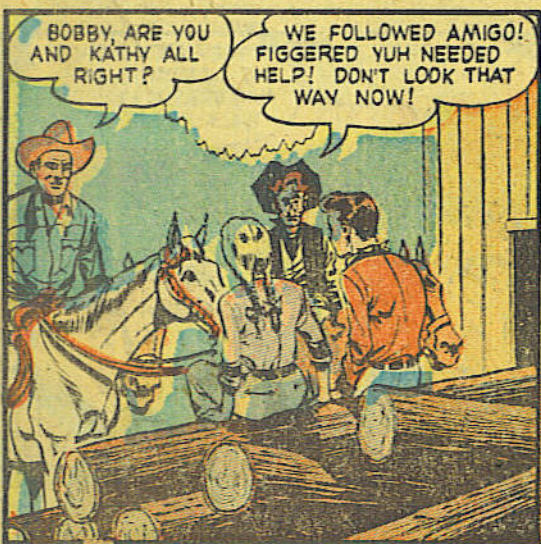
J-JUD! LOOK!

TIMBER!



ALL-EEEE!

YEOW!



BOBBY, ARE YOU AND KATHY ALL RIGHT?

WE FOLLOWED AMIGO! FIGGERED YUH NEEDED HELP! DON'T LOOK THAT WAY NOW!



WE CAUGHT THE TIMBER RUSTLERS, BUT I'LL NEED PLENTY OF HELP GETTING THOSE TERMITES OUT OF THE LOGS!

RECKON THEY'LL BE CHIPPIN' ROCKS 'STEAD OF TREES FER QUITE A SPELL!

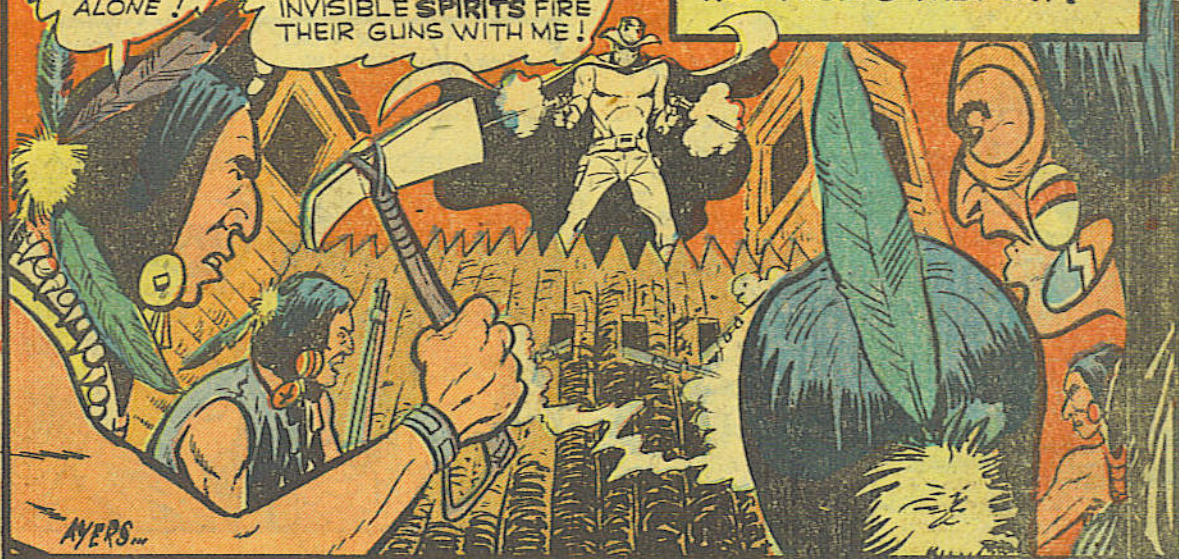
THE END

the GHOST RIDER

THE CUNNING KIOWA RAIDERS STRIKE THE STOCKADE WITH SUDDEN FURY! NEW GUNS AND FRESH SUPPLIES ARE THE PRIZE FOR THEIR TREACHERY... BUT ACROSS THE DARK NIGHT PLAINS GALLOPS A WHITE PHANTOM RIDER, AND AS THE ONRUSHING SAVAGES ATTACK—THE GHOST RIDER HOLDS THE FORT!

NIYIAAA!
FORWARD!
ONE MAN
CANNOT DEFEND
THE FORT
ALONE!

FOOLISH CHIEFTAIN!
I AM NOT A MORTAL
MAN, BUT THE GHOST
OF A DEPARTED ONE!
I AM NOT ALONE—
INVISIBLE SPIRITS FIRE
THEIR GUNS WITH ME!



AS REX FURY
APPROACHES
A FORK IN THE
MAIN ROAD...

WHOA, BOY! LET THE
TROOPS PASS FIRST!
THEY LOOK LIKE THEY'RE
ON OFFICIAL BUSINESS!

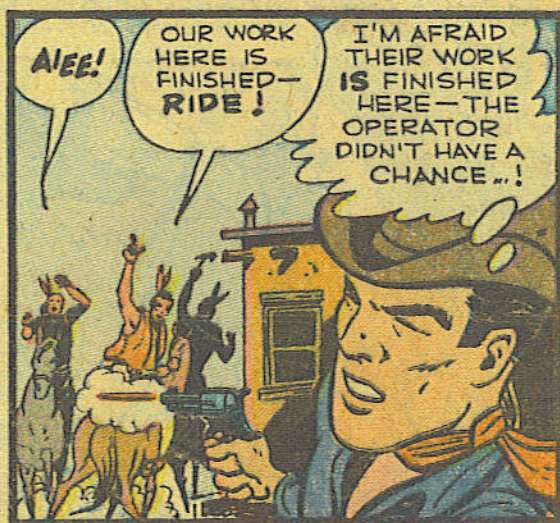
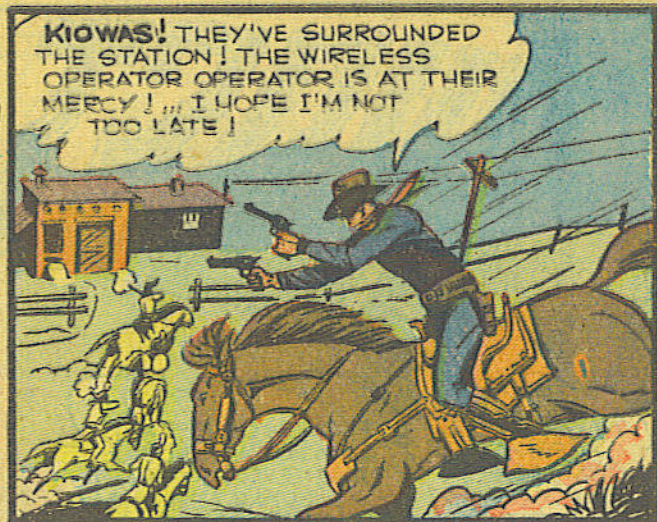
RECKON WE ARE!
THERE'S A MARAUDIN'
BAND OF REDSKINS
WHO'VE BEEN RAIDIN'
THE AREA. WE JUST
GOT WORD FROM
THE JOPHAR
WIRELESS STATION
THAT THEY'RE AT
SABLE FALLS!



YOU SEEM TO
BE RIDING WITH
THE WHOLE
CAVALRY
FORCE!

LEFT JUST TWO
MEN TO GUARD THE
FORT. THE INDIANS
ARE THE ONLY ONES
WHO'D ATTACK AND
WE KNOW WHERE
THEY ARE—
SABLE FALLS!



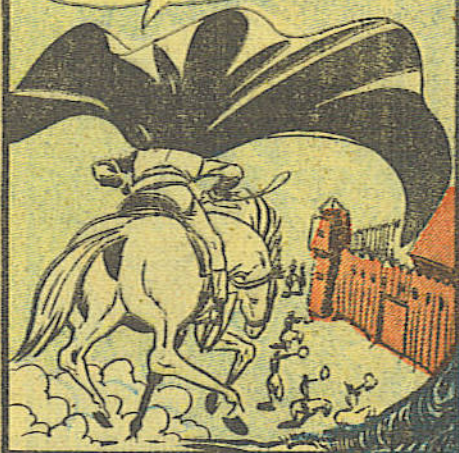


AS THE SUN SINKS,
A WHITE FIGURE
STANDS IN BOLD
RELIEF AGAINST
THE NIGHT SKY--
**THE GHOST
RIDER!**

FORWARD, SPECTRE!
TO THE FORT! THE
WEAPONS MUST NOT
FALL INTO THE HANDS
OF EVIL-DOERS!
THE FORT'S
DEFENDERS
WILL NEED
HELP!

TOO LATE! THEY HAVE STRUCK!
... I'LL CIRCLE BEHIND THE
FORT AND ENTER FROM
THE REAR ...

UP,
SPECTRE!

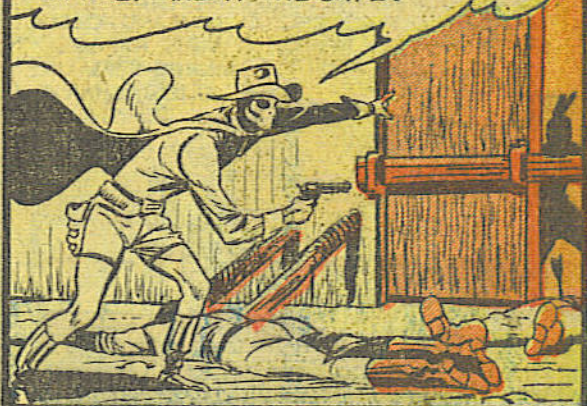


JEFF, WE CAN'T
HOLD 'EM OFF
MUCH ...
AAIEE!

THEY HAVE
BOTH FALLEN!



THE RAIDERS' ARROWS HAVE TAKEN
SWIFT TOLL. NOW I ALONE MUST BAR
THE PATH TO THE FORT'S SUPPLIES!
... THEY ARE AT THE GATE!



NONE ARE LEFT!
SIEZE THE POWDER
AND GUNS!

TECMAHSEH,
LOOK!

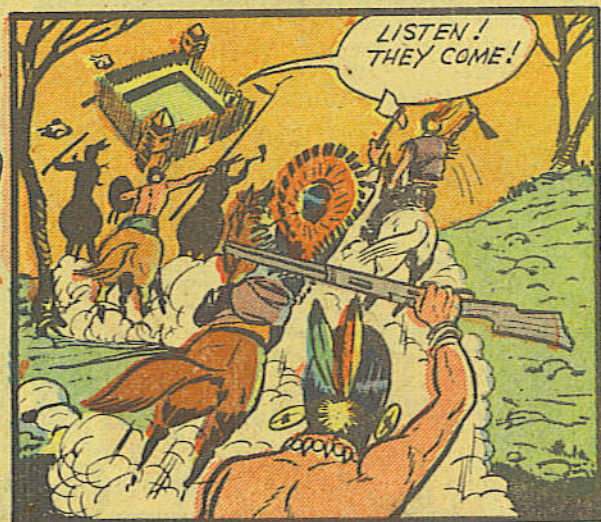
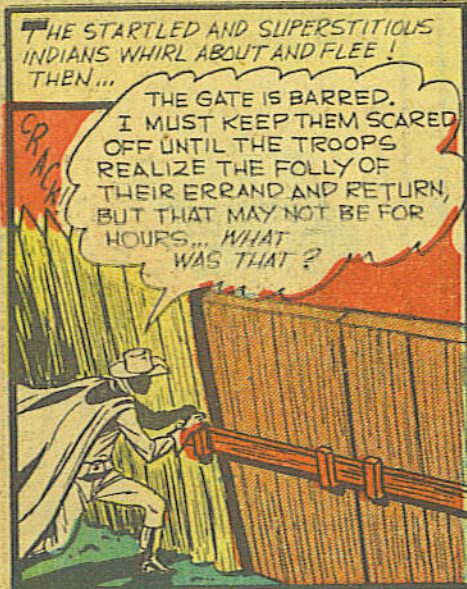


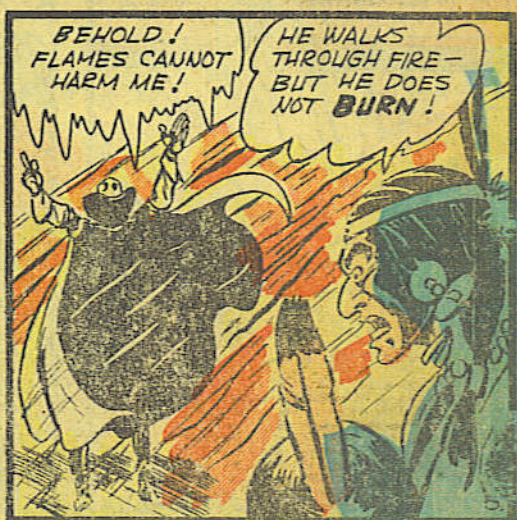
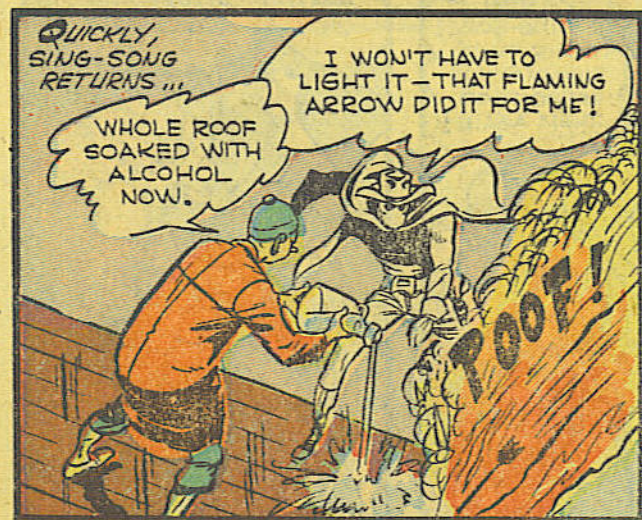
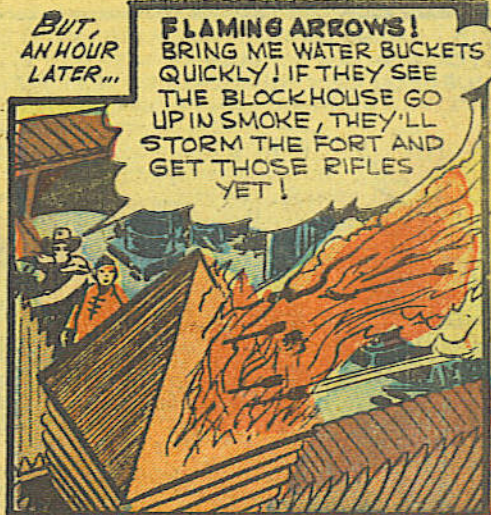
FROM THE
TWO DEAD
SOLDIERS
ONE
RISES!

IT IS HE
WHO RIDES
THE
MIDNIGHT
WINDS!

BACK! I HAVE
RETURNED
FROM THE
LANDS BEYOND
TO STAND
GUARD
HERE!







IF FLAMES CANNOT HARM ME, WHO IS FOOLISH AS TO IMAGINE HIS PETTY WEAPON CAN HURT ONE RETURNED FROM THE DARK LANDS OF THE DEAD?

IT IS A GHOST! WE CANNOT DEFEAT HIM! AWAY!



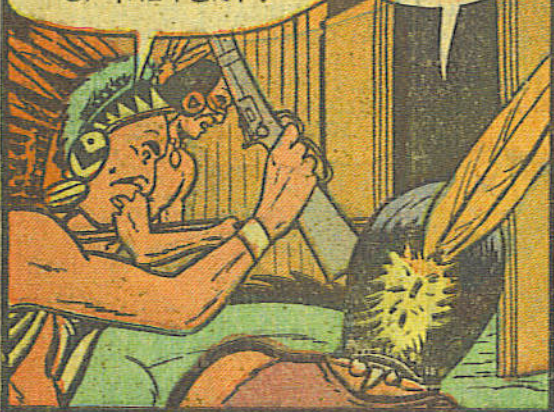
HALT! DO NOT LET HIS MEDICINE POOL YOU. HE IS ALONE AND HUMAN, THERE ARE GUNS AND SUPPLIES IN THE FORT WITH WHICH WE CAN RAID THE SETTLEMENTS! I RIDE BACK, IS NONE BRAVE ENOUGH TO FOLLOW TECMAUSEH?

I WILL AND MY BROTHER RIDES WITH US!



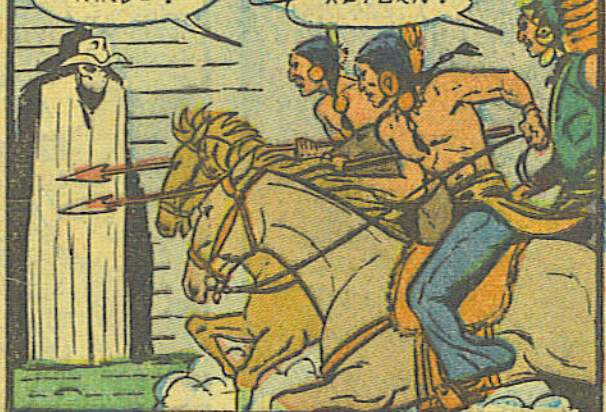
FORWARD! LET THE KIOWA LANCES BANISH THE LONE GUARDIAN OF THE FORT!

LOOK! THE GATE OPENS!



THERE IS THE RIDER OF THE MIDNIGHT WINDS!

THIS TIME HE GOES TO THE LANDS BEYOND AND HE WILL NOT RETURN!



VANISHED!

NOW, SING-SONG! MAKE THE DUMMY SWING IN FRONT OF THEM AGAIN!



HE IS UPON US!

LET OUR KNIVES CUT HIM DOWN!



